

CHAPTER IV.

LAND AHOY!

IT was Frank who had shouted "Land!" in tones of stentorian salutation. Standing erect upon the poop, he had thought he could see vague outlines of a coast through a rift in the fog. So he seized the halyards and scrambled to the masthead where, sitting astride the yard, he kept his eyes fixed steadily in the direction where he had seen it.

Close upon ten minutes passed before he caught another glimpse to the northward. He slid to the foot of the mast.

"You saw the coast?" Fritz asked sharply.

"Yes> over there; under the rim of that thick cloud which hides the horizon now."

"Are you sure you were not mistaken, Mr. Frank?" John Block said.

"No, bos'un, no, I was not mistaken! The cloud has spread over the place again now, but the land is behind it. I saw it; I swear I saw it!"

Jenny had just risen and grasped her husband's arm.

"We must believe what Frank says,"
she de»